

# THE DAILY BANNER TIMES

VOL. IV. PRICE THREE CENTS

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1897.

TEN CENTS PER WEEK.

NO. 296

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

**Johnson's Belladonna Plaster**  
Drives away pain.  
IT TOUCHES THE SPOT.

**Pennyroyal Pills**  
Original and Only Genuine.  
Solely for Chastity's English. Take no other. Before dangerous substitute and imitations. At drug stores or send 25c in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies" in letter, by return mail. 1000 testimonials. Name, paper, address, day, date, place, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by all local druggists.

**Parker's Hair Balm**  
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Restores to its youthful color. Cures itching scalp and hair falling out. 25c and 50c glass bottles.

**For Catarrh Hay-Fever Cold in Head**  
ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples free, by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.

## Cooper Bros.

Livery and Transfer.

Fine rigs for driving. Cabs and Carriages for all occasions.

Buses meet all trains.

Telephone No. 66.

Office and barn corner Indiana and Walnut.

WHEN you look into the eye to read this type, at 14 inches from the face, you had better go to Dr. G. W. Bence and have your eyes fitted with a pair of spectacles.



The largest Stock of

**GOLD SPECTACLES**

Ever brought to the County. Do not trust your eyes to Peddlers or Jewelers.

**G. W. BENCE.**

VERY LOW RATES.

TO

**THE SUNNY SOUTH**

VIA

**BIG FOUR ROUTE.**

ACCOUNT.

**One Way Settlers' Excursion.**

TICKETS ON SALE:

October 5th and 19th.

For tickets and full information call on any ticket agent of the Big Four Route or address.

E. O. McCORMICK, WARREN S. LYNCH  
Pass. Traffic Mgr. Ass. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.  
Cincinnati, O.



The Banner Times.

## DAILY BANNER TIMES

Telephones:  
COUNTING ROOM.....62  
EDITORIAL ROOM.....95

### RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION

One Year in advance.....\$5.00  
Six months.....2.50  
Three months.....1.25  
One month......50  
Per week by Carrier......10

When delivery is made by carrier, all subscription accounts are to be paid to them as they call and receipt for same.

Published every afternoon except Sunday at the BANNER TIMES office, corner Vine and Franklin streets.

Changes for display advertisements must be handed in by 10 o'clock a. m. each day. Reading advertisements will be received each day up to 1 o'clock p. m.

Where delivery is irregular please report same promptly at publication office.

Specimen copies mailed free on application.

M. J. BECKETT, Editor and Proprietor  
Thos. T. Moore, Receiver

### ADVERTISING RATES:

In Effect on and After Sept. 27, 1897. Supercedes all Previous Rate Cards.

DISPLAY ADVERTISEMENTS.  
1 inch every day 4 consecutive weeks \$1.00  
1 " every other day 4 " .50  
1 " two times a week 4 " .40  
1 " one time a week 4 " .30  
1 " one time .10  
1 " two times, consecutively .15  
1 " three times .20  
1 " four " .25  
1 " five " .30  
1 " six " .35  
1 " each additional time .10

Transient advertisements 25c per inch first time and 5c each additional time.  
Additional space at same rate per inch.  
One change of copy allowed free each week. Additional changes 5c per inch.  
Special rates for special positions.

READING NOTICES.  
Reading notices in brevity type 3 cents per line each insertion, and no advertisement taken for less than 10 cents. Orders for 500 lines and upward when paid in advance 2 cents per line.

### TO OUR ADVERTISERS.

A revision of our Daily rate card seemed advisable for several months and at last, it became absolutely necessary. The rate card as given above is, we consider, as nearly equitable as it can be made and is more favorable in many respects to our advertising patrons than the old one. The old rate of \$2.00 per line per month for regular standing advertisements remains. A rate for every-other-day, twice-a-week and once-a-week ads to run a month is put into the new card, thus enabling everyone to have space at a low rate. A rate of 10 cents per inch for one-time ads. is made to our regular customers, but does not apply to transient advertisers. Instead of charging 5c a line for reading notices, a price of 3 cents per line is made, but no advertisement will be taken for less than 10 cents, in other words, a one, two or three line ad. will cost 10 cents. It is worth that much to handle the business. An advertiser who wishes to advertise extensively in local and who will pay in advance for 500 or more lines will obtain a rate of 2 cents per line. Display ads will be given one change of copy each week free. More changes can not be given without extra charge, as at the monthly rate, it often costs as much for composition as we get out of it. A little extra is charged for ads that do not run every day, for the reason that the type has to be taken out of the forms and set aside for a day or more and then put back again, necessitating care in keeping track of them and extra handling of the type and possibility of piecing &c. These rates will be strictly adhered to. As fast as old contracts expire, they will be renewed at the new rates where a change is necessary. The fairness of these rates to all parties ought to make them popular.

### OKLAHOMA PROSPEROUS.

Ex Delegate Flynn, of Oklahoma, who is on a business trip to the east, stopped in Washington for several days. Speaking of the condition of the country he said: "The prosperity we promised has struck the country. The store box whit-

**Easy to Take  
Easy to Operate**

Are features peculiar to Hood's Pills. Small in size, tasteless, efficient, thorough. As one man

**Hood's Pills**  
said: "You never know you have taken a pill until it is all over." Dr. C. L. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass. The only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ter is out of a job. I have had occasion recently to visit a number of the states and territories, and everybody is feeling good. Oklahoma is probably today the most prosperous section of the United States. Our people will export 25,000,000 bushels of wheat, and fully 5,000,000 bushels of castor beans. We have an excellent corn crop, and have raised California in fruit so far. The South Sea Islands grow the only cotton that surpasses the fibre of Oklahoma. Our cotton is a little late, but we'll market 250,000 bales. Western cattle are as good now as the Klondike gold mines. No, I'm not talking politics, I have found it impossible to find many people willing to acknowledge themselves democrats or populists, hence, I presume they all voted the republican ticket. Our people are well satisfied with the national administration."

Hon. C. B. Case has formed a law partnership at Ottawa, Kan., with Mr. E. H. Gamble and will henceforward engage in the practice of law at that place. We wish Mr. Case the highest degree of success in his new location, and we believe he will attain it. Mr. Case has splendid mental endowments, coupled with high oratorical ability, which give him every qualification for success at the bar, and with his ability to make and keep friends, we have no doubt but that he will soon secure a remunerative practice at Ottawa. His friends here in Putnam county, and especially the republican party will greatly miss him. As a campaign speaker he had few equals and scarcely surpassed in the county. His energy in this line was untiring and unceasing, and by his own unaided ability he fought his way to the front rank in his party. As the mayor of Greencastle he served acceptably, and filled the office well for two terms, though perhaps the youngest man ever elected to that responsible office. All his friends here, and he has many, for he was a good friend himself, will join us in wishing him unbounded success and the brightest of futures.

### Today's Daily.

Second page—Snap shots at Gibraltar, an illustrated four column article by Anna Mathewson; Mountain climbing; Notable typewriters, &c.

Third page—The Gray Falcon, chapter xv.—continued; For Wem an and Home, items of interest on fashions for the fall weather; Were Told of Death.

### Society a Teacher of Etiquette.

The best book of etiquette is that great one, the best society. If you feel awkward or uncertain watch those people whose manners show that they are conversant with all that is best. In imitating them you will not be apt to make mistakes. The average American girl is quick at recognizing her mistakes and seldom repeats one after she realizes her error. She is kind of heart and sympathetic, and because of her quick wit and these two virtues she will always be a gentleman in the best sense of the word.—October Ladies' Home Journal.

Fast freight No. 41 on the Vandalia, due to arrive here at 8:31 p. m. came in Monday evening with a blazing box car the result of a hot journal. The fire was soon extinguished with buckets and the contents of the car were undamaged.

## COMMON COUNCIL.

Little Business of Importance Transacted Tuesday Night.

The council met at half past seven for the last time this season. Minutes of the two preceding meetings were read by Clerk Hurley and they were adopted after amendment.

A letter from Robt. L. Higert was read, in which he asked that the city ordinance respecting the term for which billiard tables, etc., are licensed, be changed from one year to six months. Mr. Higert stated that he has found it useless to operate his tables during a longer term than six months each year.

Auditor Denman, representing the county commissioners, filed a petition for a permit allowing the county to replace the stable, which was formerly on the jail yard and which was recently burned down, with a frame structure to be covered with tin or iron.

Mr. Miller moved that the street committee be instructed to cause lamps to be placed on the corners of Indiana and Olive streets and College avenue and Hanna streets.

Complaints in regard to the drainage onto the lots of Messrs. Cooper and Wolfe, on south Indiana street, was referred to the street committee, city engineer and city attorney.

The following claim ordinance was adopted:

CLAIM ORDINANCE.	
J. M. Donohue, poles.....	\$ 25.00
G. B. Parker, ".....	25.00
U. T. Ashby, ".....	10.00
Geo. N. Nelson, ".....	22.50
Ben S. Williams, ".....	22.50
James Morryweather, fire dept.....	22.50
James D. Cutler, streets.....	21.00
John Tobin, ".....	16.20
Mike Dalton, ".....	16.20
T. Crump, ".....	15.00
L. Lewis, ".....	16.30
J. Melrose, ".....	16.30
J. Campbell, ".....	16.30
James Ash, ".....	16.30
John Ordman, ".....	16.30
Win. Williams, ".....	2.30
G. Renick, repairs.....	4.15
Sentinel Printing Co., ".....	75c
A. Brockway, coal.....	3.35
L. Wick & Co. mds.....	3.85

### Weekly Crop Bulletin.

CENTRAL PORTION.

No rain fell, and warm days and cool nights prevailed, with but little dew. Frost at the beginning of the week did but little damage, except to vines and tender plants. Most all corn was safe from frost; cutting is nearly done; some is chaffy, but there is a fair crop. Tomatoes were rushed to the factories, and but few were left to be injured by frost; the crop is not so good as last year. Late potatoes are being dug; the crop is poor. Sugar beets will be a short crop in Tippecanoe county. Most grapes are gathered. The apple crop is fair. Clover hulling still continues, yielding well. Plowing and seeding are nearly suspended, and but little seeding is being done; some wheat sown 10 days ago shows no sign of sprouting. Pasturage is dry, and stock is being fed; stock water is scarce.

### Circuit Court.

Central National bank vs Henry Oliver et al; dismissed, costs paid. John W Stone vs Joshua Staples, appeal from justice's court; continued.

Kate M. Hall vs Supreme Tribe of Ben Hur, on venue from Montgomery county; continued.

Elijah Grantham vs Hannah E Overby et al; dismissed, costs paid. Squire F Eggers vs Amanda E Eggers, divorce; divorce decreed to plaintiff.

Almazey Haypenry vs Thos L Matkins, partition; continued.

Samuel Bowen vs Daniel Harris et al, note, and to set aside conveyance; continued.

Chas C Sims vs Edmund W Lewis, transcript from justice's court; judgment vs def. for \$13.53.

For Letter Heads see the BANNER TIMES, printer

## Woe, Woe Is Us.

The newschaser chased all over his beat with corns on his conscience and calloused feet; his spirit was broken, his heart a cold sore; the news was infrequent, without any core. No hands were outstretched to give him the shake, no tip he received that proved not a fake; crime, scandal, sensation, nor accidents, none—nothing, no, nothing new under the sun. "Oh, why should a newschaser's spirit be proud, when people are grouchy and wont talk aloud; when their chests are all tight and they wont say a word, when they wont cough up nawthin', that isn't absurd?" He soliloquized thus as he chased him along and the rancor within him grew bitter and strong; he hated himself and the whole world beside, and he made up his mind to commit suicide. It should be something awful, like crowning in lye, that would look well in head letter six inches high; but that wouldn't do for, aside from the hurt, its real invention was due to Lueteget. An original plan he finally fixed and paper and ink he consistently mixed and he plastered it on the outside of his hide to show the good cause for which he had died, then he set him on fire with a smile on his face and ascended straight up to his heavenly place. Saint Peter received him, nor was he surprised since his coming had been so well advertised: "We bless thee, my son, for thy noble endeavor," the saint gave him greeting, "forever and ever; thou hast well earned thy final and lasting reward, now enter into the joy of thy Lord."

This tale has three morals, although you don't know it; the first is: A newspaper man is no poet. The second, when a newschaser asks you to tell anything that you know, do it quickly and well. The third and important one reads in this wise, whatever you do, do ad vertise.

### Practice Economy.

In buying medicine as in other matters, it is economy to get Hood's Sarsaparilla because there is more medicinal value in Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other. Every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains 100 doses and will average, taken according to directions, to last a month, while others last but a fortnight.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Easy and yet efficient.

### Today's Local Markets.

[Furnished the DAILY BANNER TIMES daily by R. W. Allen, manager of Arthur Jordan's poultry house.]  
Hens.....65c  
Spring (95) (chicks over 20).....65c & 7c  
Cocks.....55c  
Turkey hens.....65c  
Turkey toms.....35c  
Geese, f. cover.....4c  
Ducks.....5c  
Eggs, fresh subject to handling.....10c  
Butter good.....7c

### Biggest Spouter in the World.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: The largest fountain in the world was turned on recently at Indianapolis and permitted to flow for an hour. It is one of the cascades now in the course of construction at the base of the Soldiers' Monument. The flow of water measures fully up to the contract, which calls for 7,000 gallons a minute at each of the two cascades as a regular thing, with a capacity under high pressure, however, that is much greater. The combined capacity of the world-famous fountains at Versailles, hitherto the largest in the world, is 30,000 gallons an hour. They would make but feeble streams in comparison with the monument cascades, and yet the cost of running the French fountains is so great that the water is only turned on on gala days.

### He Has Preached Sixty Years.

Elder Ties Spear is the oldest Christian preacher within our knowledge. Mr. Spear is eighty-seven years old, and has been preaching sixty of them. He walks to all of his appointments and carries a large valise containing his earthly possessions. He is one of the few who preach only for the good of the cause. During the sixty years of his ministry he has not received more than \$250, and has never solicited a donation. Notwithstanding his advanced age, Mr. Spear gets about as lively as a boy of eighteen, and says he hopes to be able to preach his last sermon on his one-hundredth birthday.

## Country Local News.

Interesting Items from Principal Points of Putnam County.

REELSVILLE.

Miss J. A. Counts spent Sunday in Brazil.

J. M. McCabe of Poland visited here this week.

W. D. Foster and Ed Job spent Sunday in Brazil.

Miss Lulu Steeg of the Junction spent Saturday here.

Albert Sears is watchman on the steam shovel at Buzzard roost.

Harry Davis John McElroy and Earl Foster went to Terre Haute Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Herbert are going to move out on S S McCoy's farm next week.

F. P. Ruffner's show which showed here Friday and Saturday nights broke up the last night with a rough house.

Mr. J. H. Bohannon an old resident of Bowling Green but now of Terre Haute was buried at the former place Saturday and after the family had departed from the cemetery about two hours Walter the youngest son passed away while they were getting ready to depart for home. Walter had taken the Keeley cure about a year ago but had gone back to hard drinking and his death is attributed to that as the cause.

### FINCASTLE.

Mrs. Liz Trail and family spent Sunday at Mr. Walker's.

The whistle of the clover huller is still heard in the land.

The Ladies Industrial society of the U V church are kept busy.

John Wilson returned Saturday evening from a three weeks' visit to Kansas.

Six of the teachers met at Mrs. Morris' Friday evening to study the R C W.

Ol Pickel purchased the store room of W B Walsh at Fincastle for \$62.50.

Listen for wedding bells. They may sound one, two, three times before spring.

T. L. Grider and family visited his sister Mrs. G W Sinclair in Boone county Sunday.

The school house has been improved by a new wire fence. They are also drilling a well.

Mrs. Frank Stultz died of consumption Friday and was buried at the Hartman graveyard Saturday.

A thief entered the house of John Underwood Saturday about eleven o'clock and stole a watch. Part of the family were at home.

### BRICK CHAPEL.

Miss Mount of Darlington is visiting her sister, Mrs. O. M. Nelson.

Miss Conie Nelson has returned from a two weeks' visit with Iowa relatives.

Miss Clara Hillis, Edna Jones and Edith O'Hair came out home to spend Sunday.

G. M. O'Hair thinks he has the best collection of mules in the country; 16 average 4 feet, 4 inches in height.

### Real Estate Transfers.

Anna M Wilson to A A and E R Pruitt, lot in Portland Mills, \$1200.

E R Pruitt to Samuel P Barton, lots in Portland Mills, \$1200.

John T Cline to Morton Mahoney, lot in Rosedale, \$125.

James M. Finley to N and K McKem, land in Washington tp., \$600.

Mary Hogue to William Lewis, land in Marion tp., \$225.

Millard C Werner to Charley Wisehart, land in Floyd tp., \$650.

John T Jones, assignee, to W E and I E Longnecker, land in Jackson tp., \$2606.67.

### The Weather.

The indications for this vicinity for the coming thirty-six hours are as follows as received by L. S. Renick & Co. from the official weather bureau at Chicago.

CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 29.

Fair and warmer tonight and Thursday.

GARRIOT.

The following local observations as taken daily by Guy Wilson who is in charge of the official weather instruments located on the roof of the West College building:

Maximum temperature yesterday.....	72.0
Minimum ".....	45.0
Temperature today, 7 a. m.....	50.5
noon.....	70.0
Rain fall, melted snow (inches).....	(0)

The noon temperature is taken daily by the BANNER TIME.

For Envelopes see

THE BANNER TIMES, printers.

THE BANNER TIMES  
For Letter Heads.

Cream of tartar comes from grapes. It is clean and wholesome.

It is the best ingredient known for baking powders.

It makes light biscuit, white and without a bitter taste.

"Cleveland's" is a pure cream of tartar powder.

## Guarantee.

Grocers are authorized to give back your money if you do not find Cleveland's the best baking powder you have ever used.

Cleveland Baking Powder Co., N.Y.

## REMAINS OF A LOST RACE.

Superior People Driven to the Swamp of What Is Now Louisiana.

Prof. George E. Beyer, of Tulane university, New Orleans, has just returned from his explorations of the so-called Indian mounds along the Red river, and between that stream and the Mississippi, in Franklin, Natchitoches, and other neighboring parishes, which he investigated for Tulane university and the Louisiana Historical society. He was able to distinguish the several layers of earth, shell and clay deposited at different times, and to demonstrate a greater antiquity for the mounds than had been supposed—an antiquity of at least 1,000 years. The skeletons and implements discovered proved further that the inhabitants of the mounds were not of the race of the ordinary red Indians who were found there by the French and Spanish explorers, but a race akin to the Aztecs or Toltecs, of a more peaceful disposition than the neighboring Indians, and originally more civilized. They had apparently been forced into the great swamps by the surrounding Indian tribes, and their civilization had deteriorated under the unfavorable conditions in which they lived.

Prof. Beyer's later explorations confirmed his former ones, or rather showed that there were two varieties of mounds in the country he explored, one variety on the higher land, apparently erected by Indians, and used mainly for burial purposes; the other built by a more ancient race, and containing skulls of the same kind as those found in Catahoula. The Indian mounds contained a large number of skeletons with heads distinctively Indian, arrows, tomahawks, etc. The other mounds were in the swamps or lakes, like those of Mexico. Such lakes were once abundant along the Red river, but nearly all have been drained dry to-day by the removal of the Red river raft. The number of those mounds fairly staggered Prof. Beyer, he found no fewer than fifty clustered together and extending a distance of two miles from Brown's bayou to Little Deer creek. They were so close together—only fifty feet apart—as to make what must have been in old days a settlement or town.

## Boats Carried on the Heads of Men.

The achievement has often been referred to of the carrying of steamboats on the backs of men. The expression is not quite accurate, for the Congo natives are trained from infancy to carry burdens on their heads. When a European on the lower Congo sent his black boy to a store to buy some cigarettes, he was surprised to see the servant return with the tiny package on his head. When a Congo woman has smoked her much-loved pipe the treasure is likely to repose on her head until she again requires it; and if her husband, unfortunately, has been able to procure a bottle of rum, he walks home with it nicely balanced on his head, throwing stones at the stray dogs and cats in his way, without the slightest idea that he is really an expert equilibrist. Most of the many thousands of pieces of steamboats were carried on the heads and not on the backs of men.

The 50,000 natives of the lower Congo who have been carrying these steamboats and all other freight around the cataracts are the very men who could not be induced, eighteen years ago, to give a helping hand to Mr. Stanley. He wished to carry 1,830 man-loads, and he had only 190 Zanzibar and Loango porters for the work. Some of the natives would sell him a little of their time, but they would not carry his goods more than two or three miles beyond their homes. Stanley's failure to secure the carriers he needed along the river delayed his work on the upper Congo for more than a year, and the labor question was the most perplexing problem with which he had to deal. He brought his carriers thousands of miles, from Zanzibar and other coasts of Africa.—Harper's Round Table.





An American wishing to travel through Spain today might feel that to insure its being a pleasure excursion he must provide himself with an armed escort and a dynamite gun for calming the excitable populace; but two years ago all the equipments needed for a most enjoyable trip in that region of romance was a little knowledge of French, a few words of Spanish or a good understanding of the sign language, a love for the beautiful and a supply of English sovereigns; adding, if feasible, a strong constitution to stand the wear and tear of Spanish railways and a keen sense of humor to lubricate the frictions of travel. Spring is the best time to visit the country, for by the latter part of May much of the luxuriant vegetation is parched by the tropical sun and some of the southern hotels are closed. It was southern Spain that we especially wished to see; we longed to eat its oranges, to go into ecstasies over its Moorish architecture, to admire its beautiful girls—even to flee from its beggars, for surely, we thought, mendicants with hidalgos manners must be more pleasing than every-day tramps. But they were not!

So in April our steamer approached Gibraltar in the midst of a glorious sunset. There was an early dinner and the stewards were exasperated by nearly everyone's leaving the tables between courses and rushing up on deck to see the view. We withstood the temptation until the lengthy banquet was almost over, then we rushed also and saw the coasts of Africa and Spain on either hand, misty and purple, with masses of rose pink cloud floating above, while from the stern a gorgeous sky was brilliantly reflected in the sea. Getting very enthusiastic and hot, we went down again to cool off with ice cream, and I remember that this portion of the desert also felt the heat somewhat, and being in the form of a pensive greyhound gracefully reclining upon a napkin, showed its feelings by dripping snowy tears from the tip of an abnormally long, slender nose.

Soon a lighthouse with revolving light appeared on the African coast and gleams began twinkling from Gibraltar; the stars grew intensely bright and the scene aboard became animated. Passengers who had been chivalrous in steamer rugs or gone about the decks in nondescript attire for the past ten days now emerged as butterflies, the gay bonnets and golf cloaks being donned for an hour's sightseeing in Gibraltar. The steamer anchored half a mile out and a noisy little launch took us ashore.

By day the resemblance between this king of rocks and the king of beasts is not very striking, but as we drew near in the dusk the lion's figure became more clear until against the grayish sky there was perfectly outlined an immense silhouette of his leonine majesty, decked with royal gems, for light sparkled far up the magnificent height.

Flitted by the hotel-runner, we passed custom officials and stalwart British soldiers—our first view of Tommy Atkins—through great rocky gateways and presently into streets that seemed too picturesque to be true. We meandered along, trying to look four ways at once, timidly clinging to every stray section of sidewalk to be found (though the inhabitants were promoting the middle of the street) and giving sympathy to lamenting fellow-passengers who had not planned for a stay in this fascinating place, but must tear themselves away after an hour's glimpse. Soon we were leaning from a front window, almost believing ourselves in a theater box, and greatly admiring the

stage setting. Across the way, surrounded by trees, rose an old Moorish building, and directly opposite our window a short, narrow street, bordered by irregular houses whose roofs jutted out at all angles, shapes and heights, ended abruptly with a most stagey effect of stone ramparts, moveless water, an anchored boat and a dim suggestion of hills beyond. By the corner lamps and hotel lights we could see the thoroughfare and people below us—senors in mantillas, senors in sashes and bare-legged Moors in long white cloaks.

Repose was rather hard to find, for Gibraltar at night, or any other time, is not a quiet place, though no machinery is heard except the hotel bells and telephone. The racket is made by people, goats, fowls and painfully hysterical donkeys.

But the first morning in Gibraltar, what a delightful thing that is! Everything is so absorbingly interesting that getting dressed and having breakfast seem only remote necessities as



A STREET IN GIBRALTAR.

we peer through the queer blinds into the glowing world. Sunshine blazes on the white houses and roofs of moss grown red tiles; swallows are darting everywhere; in the very middle of the narrow streets stands a Spaniard winding his long scarlet sash about him; there are flower women and sellers of cakes; donkeys laden with grass or panniers of charcoal; the most dilapidated vehicles rattle along taking English ladies to do their marketing; a street car drawn by mules comes up, lets the solitary passenger alight and then—there are no tracks—turns around and goes back. Tommy Atkins pervades the premises, his bright coat lighting up any shadowy places; all sorts of strange cries are heard, and somewhere a bell is tolling.

Being unused to continental customs we order a substantial breakfast and then wonder why we must wait a couple of hours for it. But the interval is well filled by walking about the streets and at length we are ushered past the bowing waiters, who are arrayed in evening dress as to the cut of their coats, although the material is white linen with lavender stripes. My mind is so occupied in wondering why

each of the four windows should have a left hand curtain of thin bright colored figured stuff while all the right-hand ones are of regulation white lace, that I scarcely notice being introduced by the lavender striped master of ceremonies to several strange articles of diet, including unsalted butter, the mild fruit called loquat and coffee with an accompaniment of goat's milk, which last makes a very strong claim upon one's attention.

Now to the amateur photographer Gibraltar is an Eden with a serpent bigger than a boa constrictor. This reptile invading the premises of British government, forbids the use of kodaks except to her majesty's subjects. The spectacle of a camera fiend in charge of an officer is not uncommon, but I cannot say what fate awaits an offender, for the hotel clerk waylaid us as we were sallying forth to take snap shots galore, and besought us to leave the forbidden toy in his care. Then the chaplain, Cousin Mary, and I had great fun invading the premises of British officials while attempting to convince them that our desire to sketch and photograph meant no sinister designs upon their fortifications; but the wily serpent was too elusive for us, though we chased him diligently all that morning. One after another the titled beings would twist a blonde mustache and suggest with assumed concern that we would better see one more captain, a colonial "secretary" or a "military secretary" and direct an orderly to conduct us thither. Our side of the fun consisted in seeing their charming gardens and hearing an immense amount of cleanly clipped English accent, but finally the assistant adjutant general

Perhaps the most interesting thing of all is to visit the galleries, those ascending passages tunneled through the solid rock that reach to the brow of the lion with a line of cannon-filled loopholes commanding the Mediterranean. It is worth scrambling through a much harder climb to finally lean from one of the openings over 500 feet up, and see the sheer descent of rock with tiny people and vehicles crawling about at the base, and the brilliant sea dotted with boats shining in the sun. One feels that the Private Atkins who has held one's arm to render the hanging out performance safe, is in some way responsible for the lovely scene, so he is tipped accordingly; and our gratitude is increased when he tells us that we need have no fear of rain's interrupting our sightseeing, as not one drop will fall during the summer.

After a day or two one is persuaded that the desirable thing in life would be to stay in old "Gib-al-Tarik" for all time. It is a joy to explore steep, romantic lanes, and watch the agile donk picking his way down flights of steps where the rise is so abrupt that folks may look down the chimneys of their neighbors in the next street below, and no ladder would be required for playing Santa Claus; to poke about in quaint little shops and bargain with Spanish or Moorish dealers, who never expect to get what they first ask for their wares; or, above all, to be on the alert twenty times a day when the soldiers go by. The English troops are fine. One gets enthusiastic at the regular lines of scarlet coats and white helmets dazzling in the sunlight as they curve in and out along the winding street, nearly forming a letter S, headed by the picturesque drummer in his leopard skin, with his square shoulders and elbows perfectly motionless, though his hands are going like mad. But it is the bonnie Highlanders that are particularly adorable to see, with their fresh coloring, their sturdy walk, and the dear little skirts swishing from side to side.

On Sundays as the soldiers march to church the bands play lively airs as usual, but in place of the gun every man carries a prayer book. If on a quiet Sunday afternoon you should hear singing near the old town hall, go and investigate, for you may find, as we did, a few members of the Salvation Army holding an outdoor meeting. A fine looking, newly converted sailor boy was making his first public speech, very simply and prettily to the strangely assorted audience, all listening respectfully, too, whether they wore the red coat, the plaid kilt, the blue jacket, the robe of the Jew, the wide brimmed hat and sash of the Spanish or the fez, cloak and yellow slippers of the Moor. It was a curious mosaic.

Now comes sunset with its gun firing; a detachment marches down to shut the gates for the night; bits of music and bugle calls float here and there over the great rock. Soon the stranger, who is, literally, "within the gates," is ready for rest, and perhaps may recall as a lullaby a bit of the music which awakened him early in the morning as a life and drum corps passed by, and he had drowsily listened to the stirring Scotch melody until it softened into a rhythmic beat of the drums and a faint echo of the highest notes, and so gradually lost itself in many-voiced Gibraltar.

## PEOPLE OF NOTE.

Mr. Balfour of the English foreign office has a new bicycle which attracts considerable attention among the secretaries and officials. The action of the pedals is vertical instead of circular and when descending a hill with the feet at rest the pedals remain stationary.

The late Lord Lilford, to whose memory three stained-glass windows have been unveiled in the church of Thorp Achurch, Northamptonshire, was one of the most distinguished ornithologists of the present generation. At Lilford hall, his seat near Oundle, he had a magnificent collection of birds—both live and stuffed—including no fewer than seven different kinds of eagles, which, together with owls, falcons, hawks and buzzards were confined in the numerous aviaries with which his beautiful grounds were freely dotted. Lord Lilford during the last ten years of his life was an absolute cripple.

M. George Charpentier, the famous Paris publisher, who backed Emile Zola with a pension of \$100 a month when he was poor and struggling, has been promoted to the rank of officer in the Legion of Honor, a very high distinction in France.

## MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING.

## GROWING IN ALL PARTS OF THE COUNTRY.

Dangers Attending the Sport—Difficult As It Is to Climb Up, It's Not a Circumstance to Getting Down Again—No Need to Leave the Country.



(Special Letter.)

HE recent accidents in Washington, California, and one or two other states have put a temporary damper on the spirits of the Mazama society, a Western Alpine club, organized for the purpose of mountain climbing, but there is every reason to believe that the discouragement will be only temporary, for the craze of mountain-climbing is said to be growing, not only in the west, but throughout the country.

The perils of mountain-climbing are by no means despicable. In the first place, when a difficult mountain is to be ascended there is always danger, at one point or another, of the traveler missing his foothold and getting a fall. Of course, the higher precipices are, as far as possible, avoided by the climbers, and only in cases of extreme necessity and the impossibility of finding another road will the climber attempt the side of a cliff. It is a maxim among members of Alpine clubs that any precipice can be scaled or crossed unless it is as smooth as the wall of a room, and even in that case passages have been effected by driving spikes into the crevices which here and there present themselves on the surface, and using these as steps from one point to another. The mountain cliff which from beneath seems to be as smooth as a wall, upon closer inspection presents many irregularities, jutting points, cracks and ledges by means of which an experienced climber can effect a passage. Of course a fall from one of these precipices means instant death, but, during the ascent of an ordinary mountain there are many places



A HARD ROAD.

of great danger where a slip signifies a fall of only 15 or 20 feet, a mere trifle in comparison with which might happen, but still sufficient to disable or kill outright an incautious climber. Slips and falls, sprained ankles, broken limbs and necks are of common occurrence among the members of the Alpine clubs, but these are not the only dangers to which such adventurers are exposed. The tops of mountains are elevated many thousands of feet above the level of the sea, and in the upper regions of the atmosphere the air is so rarefied that persons unaccustomed to mountain-climbing find breathing exceedingly difficult and active exertion almost impossible. Men who have the slightest tendency to heart disease subject themselves to serious peril in attempting the ascent of a high mountain, for they are liable at any moment to fall dead from heart failure.

The upper portions of the Swiss and Tyrolean Alps, and, to a large extent, of the Rocky mountains also, are composed almost altogether of the primitive rocks—granite, basalt, porphyry and the like—and these have a tendency to crystallize in columns and surfaces which, at a distance, appear

But in the higher portions of mountains that rise above the snow line the difficulty of climbing is immensely increased by snow and ice, for the rocks become covered with a coating as smooth as glass, and even when an apparently sure foothold is found the climber is liable to slip when no ice is present, the rock being wet, and, therefore, presenting an insecure footing. Difficult as may be the ascent, descending is even more dangerous than going up.

Mountaineering in parties is the safest method, for when several are present precautions can be taken which are impossible when the climber is alone. The outfit of a mountaineering party consists of ropes, by which the various members may be fastened one to another; of ice picks, one end shaped somewhat like a mattock, the other being sharp-pointed; of provisions, cordials, blankets, shoes, the soles of which are studded with sharp pointed nails, a plentiful supply of spikes or wooden pegs to drive in the crevices of the rocks, and thus afford a foothold where it otherwise could not be gained, and, above all, abundant muscle and never failing nerve.

The United States has many mountains, and will undoubtedly present attractions to the Alpine societies of this country when such become more general. We are commonly disposed to ignore the Alpine attractions of the United States, but there is no country in the world which has more mountains or more mountains above a given height than our own. The highest mountains in the world are those of Asia, the great peaks of the Roof of the World towering from 25,000 to 30,000 feet above sea level. A number of these have never been scaled, and there are some mountains in South America which, on account of their height present insurmountable difficulties to climbers. The roof of the United States is Colorado, and in that state there are said to be 180 peaks, each more than 10,000 feet above sea level; Utah has 56 exceeding that height; Wyoming, 44; California, 40; New Mexico, 30; Nevada, 27; Montana, 11; Arizona, 10, and Idaho, 3. Our new territory of Alaska is said to have but four peaks of greater height than 10,000 feet, but it is probable that when the territory is better known more will be discovered. Mount St. Elias is believed to be over 19,000 feet above sea level, and the other three peaks named in the books are of very considerable altitude.

## A Famous Old Irish Abbey.

The Muckross estate in Ireland, which, according to the London cables, has been selected as a site for a royal residence, is one of the most charming spots in the Emerald Isle. The question of a regal seat in Ireland has long been the subject of much discussion. Her British majesty is not loved in Ireland, and her neglect to visit the country, to say nothing of her discrimination against it as a place of residence, has not served to soften the asperity of Irish sentiment queenward. The political effect on the Irish of the establishment of a regal abode among them remains to be seen. The Muckross estate, including the famous abbey, is, or was, the property of Henry Arthur Herbert. The grounds about the ancient ruin are among the most exquisitely beautiful landscapes in Ireland. They touch the Middle Lake of the Lakes of Killarney. If the queen decides to build there she will be surrounded by the most charming scenery in all her kingdom. Mr. Herbert not long ago built a modern palace upon these grounds to replace the old house. This building contains a portrait of the old Countess of Desmond, whose ancestor, Donald McCarthy, Lord of Desmond, founded the abbey as long ago as 1440. The abbey became the last resting place of the O'Sullivans, the McGillicuddy's and the O'Donoghues. It was restored in 1626 and is a favorite sight of tourists.

## Wires a Protection Against Lightning

"People living in cities are prone to believe that the increasing number of telephone, telegraph and trolley wires increase the danger from electric storms," writes Edward W. Bok in the Ladies' Home Journal. "On the contrary, the maze of wires is a protection, and lessens the danger, since it is shown that where the wires attract the electricity they hold it, and discharge it only at the end of the wires in the central station. The fact is that of the two hundred lightning accidents every year only an average of forty occur in the cities. The trees in the country are a far greater danger; they account for the proportion of four cases in the country to one in the city."



MUCKROSS ABBEY.

smooth, but upon closer inspection are found to be full of irregularities. The Giant's Causeway in North Ireland, the basaltic formations along the Irish and Scottish coasts, and at several points in our Western states, are excellent illustrations of this style of formation. A basalt cliff, while seemingly unscalable, is really easier to ascend than a limestone bluff of one-fifth its height, for the crevices formed by the crystallization of the material offer to the climber holds for hand and foot which enable the expert to go up one of these cliffs with surprising ease.

Chicago harbors about sixty thousand Hebrews.

## THE AMERICAN GIRL IN FICTION

## As a Heroine She Is Smart, and Delights in Managing Men.

"Sometimes the characteristic type of the American heroine of fiction is vulgar, sometimes cold-hearted, or unkind, or willful, or indiscreet, but she is never stupid," writes "Droch" in the Ladies' Home Journal. "That is the verdict of contemporary observers on the American girl. Whatever she may be or do she always has her wits about her; she is 'smart.' While her father delights in managing factories, stock operations, or railroads, she delights in managing men. And in every kind of fiction which she dominates the men seem to be uniformly glad to be managed by her. Often in fiction she has been lacking in certain graces—chiefly the supreme grace of tact. But there are signs that our novelists have discovered that the American girl possesses this grace also, and so it happens that today she trails through fiction not only with fine clothes, and a beautiful face, and generous deeds, and a witty, if impertinent, remarks—but there is developing around her a gracious manner, an unconscious simplicity that shows itself in consideration for the weaknesses of others—in addition to that keen knowledge of their foibles which was always hers. What we have yet to hope for is that her wealth or her poverty may be made less obtrusive and less a significant part of her always attractive personality."

## Notable Typewriters.

In the Strand Magazine there is an article concerning the origin of the typewriter, in which many interesting facts are stated. The writer says:

There have been many curious and beautiful machines constructed from time to time to the order of various people, or for presentation. Perhaps the most elaborate typewriter ever produced was that made for the Czarina of Russia. All parts of the machine ordinarily black were enameled blue, and those portions of the frame work usually outlined in gold were inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The keys were of African ivory and the bright parts of solid gold. A similar machine was presented on her wedding day to the Duchess of York; and another was recently made to order for the Khedive of Egypt. The Queen also possesses an extremely elaborate typewriter. It is a "bar-lock," ivory-keyed, gold-plated throughout, and very beautifully engraved.

An extraordinarily curious machine was that made for Li Hung Chang. It was fitted with twenty sets of characters—eighteen hundred in all—each of which, as no dies were available, had to be engraved by hand. Apropos of this remarkable machine, its introduction into Pekin was promptly followed by the appearance in London of an enterprising Celestial bent upon forming a company for placing typewriters on the Chinese market. According to this gentleman, it is quite possible to write the Chinese language, or, at all events, a sort of modified phonographic version of it, with as few as 250 characters. The machines he proposed to manufacture, and for which he asserted there would be a ready sale in the Flowery Kingdom, were to have been about five times the width of an ordinary typewriter, and the sale price was to have been one thousand pounds apiece. The English capitalists, however, failed to "bite," and China still does its writing in the old-fashioned way.

## Insuring Workmen.

The German government provides a system of compulsory insurance for working men. Under this system a workman 20 years of age pays an equivalent of 40 cents a week for three years, and at the age of 65 he receives the sum of \$77, in the meantime having had an insurance against accidents. The annual premium is divided into three parts, one of which is paid by the workman, another by his employer and the third by the state. The report for 1896 shows that 18,889,000 persons were insured under the law, of whom 3,409,000 were employed in shops and factories, 12,290,000 were employed in agriculture and 690,000 were in the employ of the state. In that year the number of accidents was 74,897, of which 6,448 terminated fatally. The total expense of the system for the year was \$13,400,000.

## Nosing a Sea-Lion.

A correspondent of Ram's Horn narrates a pulling match between a sea lion and a farmer: Near Tillamook, Ore., an old German farmer chanced to be driving along the beach, when his watchful gaze was greeted by the sight of a large sea lion some distance out on the sand, fast asleep. It was the work of a moment for Jacob to make a lasso of a stout rope he had in his wagon, fasten the end of it to the hind axle, and adjust the noose over the sea lion's head. Then Jacob jumped into the wagon and started homeward with his prize. The sea lion did the same, and as his team was the stronger of the two, Jacob started seaward at a good pace, and only saved himself and his "outfit" by springing quickly to the ground, grasping his jack knife and cutting the rope.

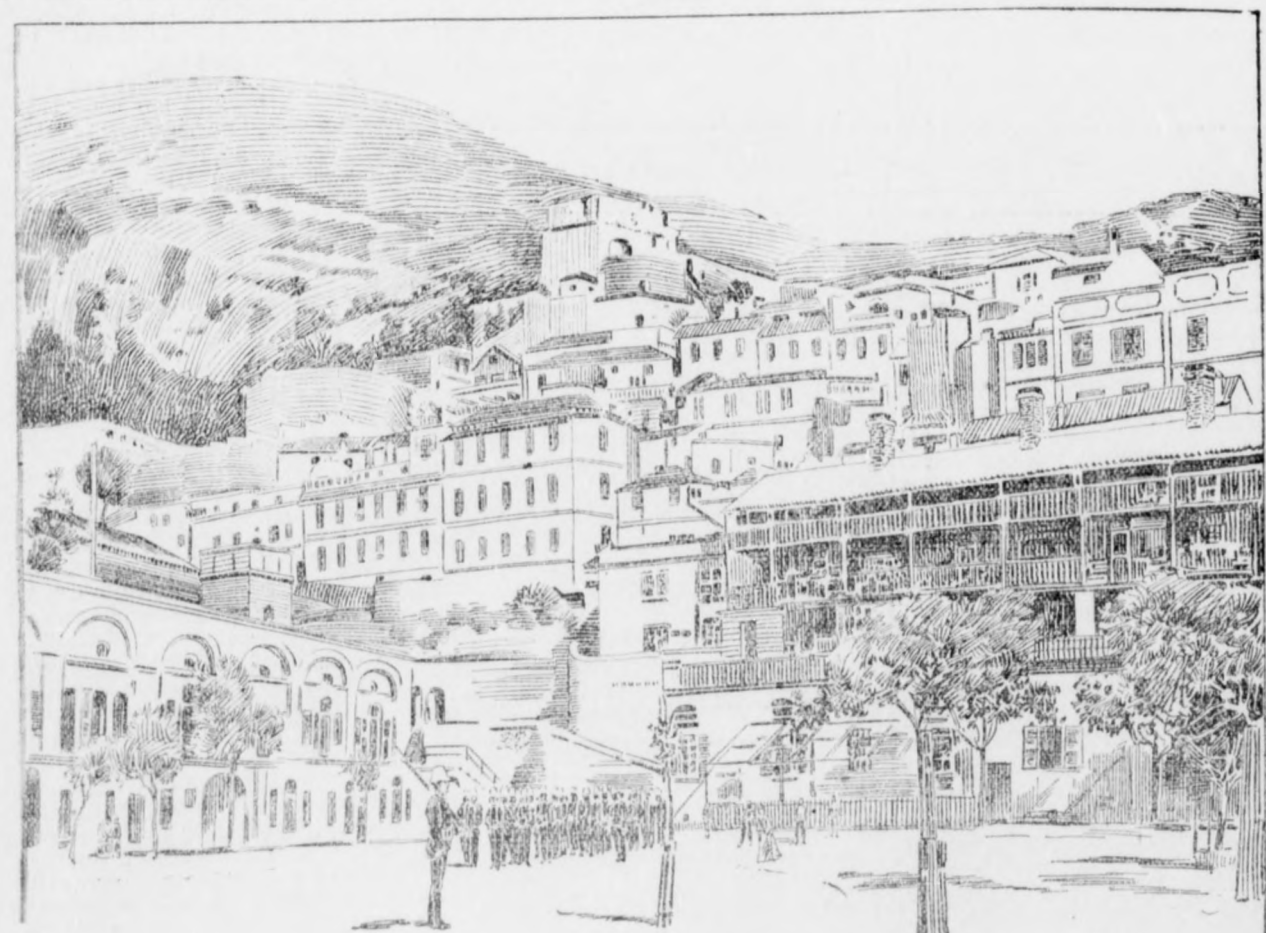
## She Knew Papa's Circumstances.

He—Do you think your father would receive me civilly if I were to go to him and ask for you?

She—Let's see—I believe you hold a mortgage on papa's business, don't you?

He—Yes, and it's about to mature.

She—You will be perfectly safe in approaching him at any time or place that may suit your own convenience.—Pittsburg Chronicle.



THE CASEMATES, GIBRALTAR.





## CHAPTER XV.—(CONTINUED.)

From him he learned of the thorough precautions taken to intercept them, and of the dogged persistence of M. Pierre's belief in their vicinity.

This man was outwardly among the most eager of M. Pierre's supporters, and was much in his confidence; and he assured Emile that it would be extremely hazardous to attempt escape for a month at least, although he was willing to do the best he could for them.

Emile heard his unfavorable account thoughtfully, and replied:

"I see plainly that I must mix among you here. I will remain secreted with you through the day, and make my way back to my hiding place at midnight. The next night I will manage to get out on the highway; and do you give out publicly that you have received word that the Gray Falcon is coming down from Paris to stir up the populace of Frejus. Come and meet me, if you can, and introduce me to M. Pierre. Let me gain the confidence of the majority and I think I can manage the matter."

Getting back into the forest was not so easy a matter; the change of guards had given control to a more faithful and vigilant set of men.

Emile was challenged twice, and giving some hasty excuse, saying he was a trusty citizen of Frejus out to look at the chateau ruins, was gruffly ordered back to the town.

He turned back a little way, and laid himself down among the bushes, just in sight of the pacing figures.

What must he do? Daylight was at hand, and it was absolutely necessary he should prepare his young charges for his absence, and acquaint them with his future plans. Lying prone on his face he crawled along, the reconnaissance showing him there was one spot at a projecting knoll where but one sentinel was stationed, and he hardly in sight of the others, when he turned the rather sharp corner.

Emile's mind was made up at once. He found a heavy stick, and in the same serpent fashion crept cautiously along on the ground toward the spot.

Having obtained the desired position he remained perfectly quiet, allowing the unconscious guard to pass three times over his head before he made any demonstration. On the fourth, as the man slowly moved around the point, he leaped to his feet, and in the twinkling of an eye tripped him up, and sent him sprawling some two or three yards away.

In the brief time required for the astonished man to gather himself up, Emile had darted into the wood. Away he sped, the swifter for the loud halloo of the sentinel.

He was familiar with every spot in the forest, and gained his object long before the aroused sentinels could follow him. He found his faithful friends anxiously awaiting his return.

Jules had recovered entirely, and he listened anxiously to the plans of Emile.

"It will do very well for me who shall have my old strength in a few days longer, but for your niece, for Mademoiselle Chlotilde, it would be more trying. But why, indeed, should they bear any ill will to her?"

"Because she has lived in a noble family and was extremely attached to its members; because this wretch of an M. Pierre means to make her his wife, and she abhors the idea."

"Abhor, indeed!" ejaculated Jules, gazing after the slender figure which had passed into the further room, which she had taken for her own private retreat; so singularly-gifted and refined a creature to marry that odious over-seer! The very idea is distressing even to me. Ah, Monsieur Emile, if you and your niece are impartial types of your class, I cannot help feeling humiliated that we have ever presumed to call others noble in comparison."

"Chlotilde has had superior advantages," observed Emile, quietly; "I doubt if the hapless Lady Felicie Langue-dee herself was more accomplished or graceful."

"I am sure I have not a moment's question about it," replied Jules, hastily. "None of the noble ladies I have ever seen could equal Chlotilde for loveliness or grace."

"The care of this retreat will devolve upon you in my absence. It will be safe to go a few yards from the tree at night, but no farther than that. I would not have you even venture to the spring. I will fill up the water casks before I leave. I am thankful for the few books I brought from the chateau; with them and each other's society, I trust you will not find your imprisonment underground too irksome."

"Oh, no, that is, I must speak for myself. It is a peaceful refuge from carnage and violence. But for past horrors and anxious fears of the future, I could not ask a happier life. Chlotilde, too, seems weighed down by some grievous recollection. I do not like to question her."

"Do not, I beseech you. Allow them to die away, if possible. It is worse than idle to dwell upon the past, since nothing can remedy it; and it weakens your vigor and energy for coping with future perils."

"I have endeavored to follow your directions. What more did you hear from Paris?"

"Additional horrors—the people have gone mad. They must become roused with blood ere the reaction comes. I foresee that. Nevertheless, I

can see no other way than for us to get to Paris. It is the only place where this M. Pierre will not search for you and the girl he has declared shall marry him."

"But I shall be recognized by scores there," exclaimed Jules, with a shudder.

"I hope not. I shall find means to color that fair hair jetty black; you must wear it in another fashion. Garments, too, make a wonderful change; but of course you will keep as retired as possible."

Jules drew a long breath.

"It seems to me I would rather be here forever, but I trust implicitly in your sagacity; I yield unquestioning obedience."

"Your health would suffer by long residence in this unsunned cave. I am already anxious about Chlotilde. The two weeks have paled her cheek sadly. With extreme caution you might both go up to the surface every day. There are apertures in the trunk of the tree to take reconnaissance in every direction. Seeing the ground clear, you could venture out, though I warn you to be wary. If he be crafty, this M. Pierre will soon remove his watch from sight and set a secret trap. But I mean to get you both away speedily."

Felicie came from her room, and looked up affectionately in his face. "You have talked with Jules long enough, my uncle; say something to Chlotilde now."

He drew his hand caressingly over the glossy hair.

"I have been telling him what good care he must take of my child when I am gone."

"Gone! oh, Emile!" exclaimed she, in consternation.

"For a little time, dear one, only to prepare for your escape."

The tears were slowly trickling down her cheeks, she could not speak a word of answer.

"Why, my little one, are you so stricken? Jules is left to take care of you."

"Jules is a very poor substitute for you, monsieur; no one is better aware of it than he himself, but he will do his best," observed the youth.

"Nay, nay," interposed the girl, eagerly. "I did not mean to wound your feelings, dear Jules; you are everything kind and good. As agreeable and pleasing a companion as I could ask, but then we have relied so thoroughly upon my uncle, it struck me with sudden dismay to think of losing him."

"For a little time, my child. It is because I fear for your health and am anxious to get you away, that I leave at all. You will not be weak and childish, I know, but will be calm and heroic, to help me all you can."

"I will try," replied she, firmly; but the sweet lips quivered sadly.

"And you will succeed. Jules must exert all his powers to divert your thoughts. You must read together, and tell fairy stories, and be good children till I return, like a good genii, to release you from your dungeon."

He smiled playfully, but there was a moisture in his eyes.

The three were silent a long time, and then Felicie broke it timidly:

"And when do you go, my uncle?"

"To-night at the darkest hour. I must fill your water cask from the spring before I leave."

They talked gravely over their plans and hopes until noonday; when Emile took his much-needed rest, and the youthful pair sat down rather disconsolately. It must be admitted, each with a book in hand.

Jules turned to the title page of the little volume of poems he held. A name was traced there in delicate handwriting—Lady Felicie Langue-dee.

"Ah," said he, "I should so much like to know just what she was, and how she looked, that poor Lady Felicie!"

His companion glanced over the volume to see what it was which fixed his thoughts, and smiled archly.

"Why are you curious? Did you know anything about her?" asked she.

"Why, yes. I knew that she was the sole heiress, the pride and hope of the chateau yonder, which lies in ruins. It was there, that horrible night, you know, that I was so wretchedly maltreated. But I did not see her, not even her corpse." He paused shuddering, and then added more calmly, "I should like to know just how she looked, just what was her character. The writing, you see, suggested the thought. I fancy I have a good idea, but I may be mistaken. If she resembled her father she was no beauty."

CHAPTER XVI. FELICIE had averted her conscious face and was bending it down deeply into her book; she dare not pursue the subject, and presently he was lost in the contents of the volume.

Emile did not reappear until after dark, although in their subterranean dwelling night and day were alike, and the hours were more perceptibly marked by the shortening candles. Then he shouldered the one empty water cask, and clambered with it up the rude stairway.

He returned with it still unfulfilled, and tried to hide the cloud on his forehead.

"It's of no consequence. On second

thought, there can be no danger of your needing more water. You will be as prudent as possible, and I mean to relieve you long before you broach the last cask."

Neither suspected that he had attempted to reach the spring, and narrowly escaped capture.

He went back to the upper room, and listened there anxiously.

"I do believe it is the evil one himself; how else could he vanish so mysteriously?" said one wondering voice.

"The peasants say it was haunted long ago," said another, in equal astonishment.

"Peste! don't you know that was our own doing, citizen Pierre managed it?" This is beyond belief, only for Pierre's assurance that the royalists are hid up somewhere here. Fire at it next time, and see what that will do," replied a third.

It was a long time before they went away, and then Emile anxiously listened for the direction of their retreating steps.

"Who would have believed that obstinate Pierre would stick so closely to this idea? They will be sounding the tree next. I see plainly I must use my wits to get out. Ah, I have it! Where is my ghostly dress and light! I'll rig them on a pole with cross-arms and carry it in sight of these fellows and set it up. They'll rush forward, believing they have caught the man, and I can slip away unperceived. But I must go to the extreme end of the woods. It will not do to draw further attention to this spot."

And having matured his plan, he acted upon it promptly.

Carrying the effigy before him, he walked unmolested to the outer end of the wood. He heard the first shout of discovery and saw half a dozen forms come rushing toward him.

Setting the pole, which he had taken care to sharpen, firmly in the ground, he slipped behind a tree trunk, and dropping on his knees crawled noiselessly over the mossy earth to the other side.

As he expected, the rush for the supposed capture left the picket line vacated; he lost no moment in clearing it, and as soon as he dared, sprang to his feet, and ran swiftly.

Extreme care was needed for more than a mile, but when morning broke he was safely in the highway. Once there, he brushed from his dress all signs of his late proceedings, and boldly hailed a market wagon passing on to Frejus.

Before he reached the town he met his comrade, who looked immensely relieved at sight of him.

"Welcome to the south, most valiant Gray Falcon! Where did you dip your beak last in the accursed blood of the aristocrat and tyrant?" exclaimed the latter.

"I come from Paris, and am sent south to kindle the zeal of the people for equality and liberty. How goes the cause?" responded Emile, while the driver of the wagon eyed him with open-mouthed wonder and a little fear.

"We have some bold spirits. There is worthy citizen Pierre, you will find him eager for the work; and we expect the famous Gray Falcon of Paris will wake us all up."

They proceeded slowly on till they reached the town. There in the market square they saw M. Pierre conversing earnestly with a group of men.

Emile's companion shouted to them. "Come hither—come and welcome the Gray Falcon. He has arrived at last on a special mission to us!"

The crowd in a moment surrounded them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## PRINCE LOBANOFF.

The Russian Press Eloquent Over His Great Qualities.

The Russian press is eloquent over the great qualities and splendid diplomatic triumphs of the deceased minister and statesman, says a correspondent of the London Times. The Novoe Vremya says: "The deceased belonged to the school of Boyar diplomatists, who have become so rare since the time of the Empress Catherine, and who possess strength of will and a many-sided European education, as well as knowledge of their own country and the strong support of hereditary connections. Such men have not been afraid of what other nations said of us and have believed in Russia's mission and right to play a great part among the other powers of Europe. Prince Lobanoff belonged to that small class of Russians who know what they want and how to attain it. During his short tenure of office he isolated Japan, attracted Germany to co-operate with Russia and France, protected the integrity of Bulgaria, secured full freedom of action to Russia in regard to Turkey, and strengthened the friendship with France." The same journal foresees the appearance of much unfounded comment in the foreign press on the possible consequences of Prince Lobanoff's death and strongly urges its readers against the supposition that any change whatever in Russia's foreign policy will result from this great and unforfeited loss. Much is also said about the literary labors of the late minister, and it is curious to note that, although he appears to have accomplished so much in diplomacy in so short a period, he scarcely ever gave more than two or three hours a day to official business, the rest of his time being almost exclusively devoted to his favorite study of historical research.

## Early Cotton Mill.

The first mill for manufacturing cotton yarns was located in North Providence, R. I., by Samuel Slater in 1793.

Not a single infectious disease is known in Greenland.

## FOR WOMAN AND HOME

ITEMS OF INTEREST TO MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Fashion Notes for Fall Weather—Making Lace for Lingerie—A Becoming Dress for Tall Women—Culinary Notes.

Persecution.

"And the woman fled into the wilderness,"

AY, who is he in deserts seen,

Or at the twilight hour?

Of garb austere, and dauntless mien,

Measured in speech, in purpose keen,

Calm as in heaven he had been,

Yet blithe when perils lower?

My holy Mother made reply,

"Dear child, it is my Priest.

The world has cast me forth, and I dwell with wild earth and gusty sky;

He bears to men my mandates high, And works my sage behest.

"Another day, dear child, and thou shalt join his sacred band,

Ah, well I deem, thou shrinkest now From urgent rule and severing vow;

Gay hopes fit round, and light thy brow; Time hath a taming hand!"

—Cardinal Newman.

Making Lace for Lingerie.

Maids and matrons have taken kindly to the early Victorian revival, which prescribes that woman shall be able to make her own lingerie. Consequently leisure moments in summer resorts are utilized for such commendable work. But not necessarily does she do much of it, her time being so taken up with the thousand duties of society and to work of one sort or another.

leather, rather wide, and buckled with black. The bodice fits without a wrinkle in the back, the cloth being stretched to the figure without seams. The skirt seems almost to be fitted in the same manner at the hips, and there are a great many rows of narrow black braid at the hem.

Another of these forerunners is sketched herewith. It was black etamine, barred with white and lined with scarlet. The skirt was arranged in double box plaits on either side of the front, each plait held down by a black passementerie ornament. The jacket bodice had slashed tab-like fronts and was trimmed with passementerie, a V of the same decorating the back. The belt was black silk, and small ornaments similar to those on the skirt trimmed the sleeves. The vest was white satin velled with numerous chiffon frills, and chiffon trimmed collar and wrists.

It has often been asserted that woman is deficient in humor, and another feminine "shortcoming" is thus described by a writer of the sex: "Women it has been said cannot bear strong language. There are certain words in English that we have not yet learned to use. We do shrink a little when we hear them. But give us time and we will overcome this weakness. We are getting hardened; modern literature and modern tendencies of all sorts are doing this for us. I heard the other day of a little domestic scene that shows how we are improving in this respect. A dignified and pious old man was being harried by his energetic little wife. His exasperation became unbearable at last, and, forgetting his stiff joints, he sprang from his chair and began to gesticulate wildly, too angry to speak. As soon as he could he said: 'Jane, I am going to swear.' 'Do! Mr. Simpson,' she said: 'It will do you good.' She called to her sister in the next room: 'Sarah! Mr. Simpson says he's going to swear!' The sister dropped her work, exclaiming: 'Oh, do ask him to wait till I get there!'

Pocketbook Can't Be Picked.

The most useful garter seen yet in the number of fancy ones that are put upon the market every year is the garter with a portmanteau attachment. A little bag hangs by a tiny leather strap, and in the bag are pouches for money and jewels. Of course, the little bag is small. It is called a "thumb bag," and is not over two inches square, but in this small space can be placed a roll of bills and any piece of jewelry of which the wearer may be fond. It acts as a secret pocket and is of the nonpickable sort.

The little bags can be bought as dolls' hand-bags and as children's shopping bags. They cost only a few cents, and when on the garter are not in the wearer's way at all. The garter upon which the bag is worn may be a plain one, half ribbon and half elastic, with a bow of ribbon at one side.

Those who have tried this little pocketbook arrangement pronounce it "as handy as a pocket in a shirt."

Becoming Dress for Tall Women.

When a young woman has reached the 6-foot height she is apt to regard herself as particularly unfortunate in the matter of stature. It is so very difficult to find anything that truly becomes her. One of the most perfectly dressed women in New York is a daughter of Mrs. Elliott Shepard, who, though she is over 6 feet in height, always looks graceful—the model of a well-dressed woman.

A gown in which she recently appeared was a bright red and green plaid. It was laid in full plaits all around the skirt and trimmed with five broad bands of red velvet, put on in blind stitch, in the old-fashioned style. An unusual feature of this skirt was a short overskirt of black velvet, which hung nearly to the knees. The waist was tight fitting and strapped across the front with narrow bands of black velvet. The sleeves were coat sleeves, wrinkled above the elbow and puffed at the shoulder. A little vest of white linen was worn with this dress, and around the linen vest, to give it a womanly appearance, was a ruffle of white embroidery. This dress was worn at a 5 o'clock tea in a country house. It was much admired for its neatness and becomingness.

other. But she should know how the fine stitching is done and to be able to turn her hand to it when a leisure moment allows. One young person, whose busy life makes it impossible for her to thread a needle in winter, took away with her this summer rolls of fine linen and lace with which to fill in rainy hour and dull evenings. She says that it tries her to be doing nothing, and sewing is just play.

"What of planning the fashion of the garments and sewing up the long seams?" Naturally this is asked. The answer, she says, is that she does not attempt the bodices of garments away from home and sewing machine. She makes only the trimmings in her vacation. And these she does by the roll and cuts them off in lengths to suit the garments, which will be done in the winter, perhaps, by a seamstress. "It is largely the way one's lingerie is trimmed which is the making of it," she says.

This generous young woman revealed a pattern of her favorite mode in chemises. It is the simplest fashion imaginable. Two lengths of lawn are shaped the least bit at the top. After they are sewed two rolls of frilling and one of inserting are put on simply. Over each shoulder two strands of wash ribbon tie in pretty bows. But it is only the laces which the busy woman stitches together on a rainy day while she rests and recreates. To trim a complete set of garments in the same style many yards of decoration are required. Other rolls of lace and lawn may be lengths of Hamburg and Valenciennes inserting, and only the narrowest edge frilled.

Why Women Are Preferred.

The action of the New England Telephone Company in dispensing with the services of men as night operators in the central station in Boston and substituting women in their place points to a curious fact in telephone work. It is found that men are singularly deficient in the courtesy between the subscriber and the central operator. This fault is made more conspicuous by the almost invariable roughness of voice of the male

time, though the annual effort to introduce the princess will again be made. Already some light cloth dresses for fall wear are being sent over, and these may be regarded as straws showing the way the winter wind of fashion is supposed to be making its way.

One is a nobby street rig of very light cloth, checked black and white, and is made with a bodice buttoning double breasted, the entire front being a box plait bagging well over a white belt. The double row of buttons are large cut jet. The belt is white;

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## WERE TOLD OF DEATH

IMPENDING CALAMITY FORE- WARNS THE SENSES.

Victim of the Paris Fire Who Dreamed of Her Frightful Doom—President Lincoln Saw His Own Assassination Lined While He Slept.

ROM the New York Herald: There is a very interesting paper on presentiments—suggested, of course, by the terrible Paris fire—in that staid and reliable periodical, the Journal des Debats. It is from the pen of Henri

De Parville, than whom there is no greater authority on matters relating to hallucination, second sight, obsession and kindred subjects.

First the fact is noted that Mme. Julie Garivet, one of the victims of the fire, had a clear presentiment of her death. When she bade her friends goodbye on the morning of the fatal day it was evident that she never expected to see them again. She said that during the night she had suffered from a frightful nightmare, and that she had dreamed of being burned alive. Equally singular was the recent experience of a Parisian doctor. This gentleman was taking a walk one afternoon when suddenly the thought struck him that his house might catch fire during his absence. There was apparently no reason why any such accident should take place; nevertheless, the doctor hurried home, and, sure enough, as he approached the dwelling he saw volumes of smoke pouring from one of the chimneys. Rushing in, he found that the fire in the room adjoining his own had caught fire. Thanks to his presentiment, he was soon able to quench the flames.

The Annales des Sciences Psychiques recounts two similar examples of exceptional value. President Lincoln, it says, had an unerring presentiment that he would be assassinated. During the night preceding his death he dreamed that he walked down a flight of stairs which were draped with black cloth. When he asked the cause of this mourning he was told that the president of the United States had been killed at the opera house. He told Mrs. Lincoln of his dream, and she begged him, but in vain, not to go to the theater that evening. He smiled at her fear and went calmly out to meet his doom.

The second story recalls the mysterious tragedy of Louis II of Bavaria. This mad monarch threw himself into Starnberg lake, which surrounded his palace, and dragged down to death with him his physician, Dr. Von Gaden, who had plunged into the water in the hope of saving him. Now, a few days before his death, Von Gaden had dreamed that he was struggling in the water while vainly trying to save another man from drowning. He told his wife about the dream and after his death she told the story to the Anthropological society of Munich.

Equally singular are the stories told about Mr. De Lerizolles. This gentleman was recently crossing a mountain at a little distance from his home when he suddenly received, as it were, a severe shock, which plunged him into the deepest melancholy. He felt as though he had been struck by a clinched fist, and for a few minutes his anguish was extreme. His first thought was that some terrible calamity had happened to him or his family, and that he would hear of it on his arrival at home. He was right. Hardly had he crossed the threshold of his home when he received a dispatch announcing the death of his father.

On another occasion Mr. De Lerizolles was traveling with his wife, and she remarked one morning that she had not been able to sleep during the night, as she had constantly before her eyes her dear friend, Mme. De B., who, according to the vision, seemed to be dying. As Mme. De B. was supposed to be in excellent health, Mr. De Lerizolles assured his wife that there was no significance in her waking dream. But his wife would not be convinced. And, indeed, a letter came in a few days telling them of Mme. De B.'s unexpected death.

Eight hundred cases, somewhat similar to this last one, are recorded in a book published some time ago in England. In each case some person saw a ghost or apparition of some living relative or friend at the precise moment when this relative or friend was on the point of dying.

If it were not for a presentiment Mozart would probably never have composed his immortal "Requiem." One day, while he was sitting alone, lost in a melancholy reverie, a stranger entered the room, and, laying a handsome sum of money on the table, requested him to compose a "Requiem" in memory of a dear friend who had just died. Mozart agreed to do so, and he began work at once. Night and day he labored with extraordinary zeal, until, finally, his strength gave way and he became ill. When his wife tried to cheer him he said brusquely, "It's no use. I composed that 'Requiem' for myself and it will be played at my funeral." Nothing could rid his mind of this idea. Nay, he was even convinced that the stranger was a visitor from the other world, who had come to warn him of his approaching end. So he worked at the "Requiem" until it was finished, but when the stranger came for it Mozart was dead.

One of the highest shot towers in the world is to be found at Villach in Carinthia, where there is a fall of 249 feet.

For the Eye of the Cook.

Keep a brick on the back of the stove and set the food on it that is to be kept warm.

Add a teaspoonful of sugar to every pint of milk when the milk is to be thickened with cornmeal.

Make graham bread the same as white bread, and then steam it three hours, instead of baking it one.

Oatmeal is much improved if sugar is put in while it is cooking instead of being put on it at the table.

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## LAKE BREEZES

bring relief from the sweltering heat of the town or city. They raise your spirits and restore your energy. The greatest comfort and pleasure in lake travel is on one of the

LAKE MICHIGAN AND LAKE SUPERIOR TRANSPORTATION CO'S

## ELEGANT STEAMSHIPS

Sailings between Chicago and Mackinac Island four times every week, at extremely low rates.

The new steel steamship "Manitou" is a magnificent vessel, elegantly equipped with every comfort and convenience. Tri-weekly trips to Chicago, Charlevoix, Harbor Springs, Petoskey, Mackinac Island, etc.

Write for interesting reading matter, sent free, or for your nearest agent. Address: J. S. Dowling, Agent, Lake Michigan and Lake Superior Transportation Co., Chicago, Ill.

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## THE FAVORITE



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The only line to the famous health resorts.

West Baden and Fench Cick Springs

The Carlsbad of America. Complete Pullman Equipment.

FRANK J. REED, G. P. A., Chicago

The direct line between

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LOUISVILLE,

Time Card, in Effect July 1st 1897

NORTH BOUND.

No. 4, Chicago Mail, 1:13 a.m.

No. 6, Express, 12:17 p.m.

No. 4, Local Freight, 11:40 a.m.

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 3, Southern Mail, 2:40 a.m.

No. 5, Express, 2:17 p.m.

No. 4, Local Freight, 12:17 p.m.

\* Daily. \* Daily except Sunday.

J. A. MICHAEL, Agent.

## BIG FOUR.

In effect Nov. 1, 1896.

GOING EAST.

No. 36, to Chicago, N.Y. & Boston, 2:59 a.m.

No. 38, to Chicago, N.Y. & Boston, 8:48 a.m.

No. 40, to Chicago, N.Y. & Boston, 12:44 p.m.

No. 42, to Chicago, N.Y. & Boston, 5:21 p.m.

\* Daily 1 Daily Except Sunday.

No. 2, connects at Indianapolis for Cincinnati and Michigan division. No. 4 connects with L. & N. W. and trains for Peoria and Chicago.

No. 18, connects at Bellefontaine for Toledo and Detroit. No. 36, at Bellefontaine for Sandusky.

F. P. HURST, Agent.

Connections: No. 4 at Indianapolis with Big Four trains for Cincinnati, Benton Harbor and Chicago.

No. 5 "Mattoon Ace" at Paris with train south.

No. 8 at Indianapolis with train to Greensburg.

No. 9 at Paris for Cairo at Kansas with P. D. & E. north and south, at Mattoon with P. D. & E. northwest and with L. & N. north.

No. 11 at Paris with trains north, at Evansville with B. & O. S. W. northwest and L. & N. north and south, at Elkhart for Carrollton and Jacksonville, at St. Louis diverging roads.

No. 18 "Knickerbocker" at Indianapolis for Cincinnati and runs through to New York and Boston.

No. 25 at Mattoon with L. & N. south, P. D. & E. southeast, at St. Louis with diverging roads.

No. 36 carries sleepers for Cincinnati, New York and Boston, runs to Cincinnati connects at Greensburg for Louisville.

## VANDALIA LINE.

Trains leave Greencastle, Ind. in effect May 16, 1897.

FOR THE WEST.

No. 7 Daily, 12:25 a.m., for St. Louis.

No. 15 Daily, 8:30 a.m., for St. Louis.

No. 5 Daily, 9:30 a.m., for St. Louis.

No. 21 Daily, 1:35 p.m., for St. Louis.

No. 3, Ex. Sun., 3:15 p.m., for St. Louis.

No. 11 Daily, 8:25 p.m., for St. Louis.

FOR THE EAST.

No. 6 Daily, 8:30 a.m., for Indianapolis.

No. 12 Daily, 12:15 noon, for Indianapolis.

No. 20 Daily, 1:35 p.m., for Indianapolis.

No. 8 Daily, 3:15 p.m., for Indianapolis.

No. 2 Daily, 8:15 p.m., for Indianapolis.

PEORIA DIVISION.

Leave Terre Haute.

No. 15 Ex. Sun., 7:05 a.m., for Peoria.

No. 77, 3:55 p.m., for Peoria.

For complete time card, giving all trains and stations, and for full information as to rates, through cars, etc., address

J. S. DOWLING, Agent, Greencastle, Ind.

Gen'l Pass. Agent, St. Louis Mo.

## Vandalia Rates.

Home seekers excursion to points in south, west and northwest, half fare rates Sept 21, Oct 5 and 19th.

Excursion to St. Louis October 4th to 9th fare \$6.25 for the round trip and St. Louis Fair.

To Terre Haute Sept. 28th, 29th, 30th, and Oct. 1st, return limit, Oct. 2. Fare \$1.00, account Terre Haute Trotting association. This promises to be the greatest meeting of the year. \$50,000 in purses.

To Nashville, Tenn., May 14th to October 15th, final limit November 7th, fare \$14.00. May 14th to October 15th, return limit 20 days, fare \$10.30. May 18th and continuing until October 26th, return limit 10 days, fare \$7.50. Tuesdays and Thursdays only of each week, fare \$7.00.

J. S. DOWLING, Agt.

## Pickling

## Spices.

When you want pure Spices for your pickles, come to us.

We are the only firm in town which buys direct from the

importers in New York and

we guarantee our goods to be

fresh and pure.

## L. Weik &amp; Co.

## The Coal Strike

Is settled and we are prepared to furnish

## Jackson Black Coal.

## Riley &amp; Co.

715 S. Main St. Telephone No. 51.

## Shoes==That's All.

We are not bothered with an endless number of stocks. We do not sell dress goods, rakes, ice cream freezers, corsets or mackeral. Shoes are the one, the sole stock in which we are interested—on which we fix our minds.

By concentrating our thought and energy in the shoe business alone we are enabled to keep a close watch on the market, to know when and where good things are to be had in footwear, to secure the very best terms—in short, to serve you better and with more economy than is possible with any other house trying to keep a dozen and one businesses balanced on one mental and financial pole.

## LOUIS &amp; HAYS.

MARTINSVILLE, Aug. 30, '97.

On Nov. 5, 1895, I purchased a pair of spectacles of M. D. Ricketts. They are a great pleasure to me. He will treat you right.

D. L. SOUTHBARD.

## UNTIL OCTOBER.

I offer at sacrifice residence property corner Vine and Columbia streets. The lot has 110 feet south and 104 east front. The house is situated in the center and is surrounded with abundant shade and fruit trees. With small cost it can be made a convenient 5 to 8 room residence. Cellar: two cisterns; lot high and dry; two squares from court house and five from DePaul university. Cheap for cash, or on easy payments with small down payment. Call and see before buying elsewhere.

29116 A. F. BRIDGES.

## Merchants' Louisville Excursion.

Crops are harvested, farmers are getting prosperity prices and the tariff is putting up prices on manufactured goods. Now is the time to lay in the winter's stock. The Monon will sell excursion tickets from Greencastle to Louisville, good going on any regular train October 5, returning any time within ten days, for \$3.00.

29517 J. A. MICHAEL, Agt.

## H. H. M. MOORE.

Of Bruce Lake, Indiana, Recommends Wright's Celery Capsules.

Bruce Lake, Ind., June 3, 1896.

THE WRIGHT MED. CO., Columbus, Ohio.

Gents: I have purchased a box of Wright's Celery Capsules from B. J. Cleveland & Co., druggists, and used them for stomach and liver trouble and constipation and their effects. I am pleased to say they have done me much good. I have not had the headache that so frequently bothered me as to almost entirely unfit me for any work or business.

Yours very truly,

H. H. M. MOORE.

Sold by all Druggists price 50c. and \$1.00 per box. Send address on postal to the Wright Med. Co., Columbus, Ohio, for trial size, free.

Wright's Celery Tea regulates the liver and kidneys, cures constipation and sick headache. 25c at all druggists.

1897 September. 1897

Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
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26	27	28	29	30		

## MERCHANTS WHO PERMENTLY ADVERTISE.

Create the impression of strength and soundness. The people feel that those who keep their names before the public by using the newspaper are solid and substantial.

## Local and Personal.

## What is Going on in Society. Local and General News.

DON'T THINK

Of leaving the city, even for a short time, without ordering the Daily BANNER TIMES to follow you. It costs you but 10 cents a week as it does here at home, and the address will be changed as often as you desire.

(Persons and society notes are solicited and will be inserted if writer's name and address is attached, not to be inserted, but as an evidence of good faith. None but truthful items are desired.)

Dr. Towne is in Terre Haute this afternoon.

Rev. L. C. Bentley is visiting friends in the city.

Miss Laura White is visiting friends in Terre Haute.

R. W. Black returned to Indianapolis this morning.

Rev. Chas. Crook, of Indianapolis, is in town today.

Mrs. Brittle Gilmore, of Cloverdale, is visiting Mrs. Bessie Watt.

Paul Hill of Chicago, is spending a short time with his parents.

W. J. Snyder, of Brazil, was in town for a few minutes this morning.

Miss Nora Hamnerly is the guest of relatives and friends in Terre Haute.

Mrs. Paul Miller, of St. Louis, has concluded a visit with her mother, Mrs. Nutt.

Roland Darnall returned to Indianapolis this morning after a short visit with home folks.

Mrs. Alvah Bradshaw is at home from Chicago where she has been visiting during the past week.

Dr. James H. Taylor, of Indianapolis, is the guest of his father, James Taylor and his brother Tucker Taylor.

Chas. Rockwell, of Cloverdale, Curtis Hughes and Herbert Kelly are attending the Terre Haute races today.

Fred Mounts returned to his home in Richmond Tuesday; he was here to attend the funeral of his grandmother, Mrs. Lutz.

Mrs. Frank C. Newhouse returned to her home in Terre Haute this morning; she was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. G. E. Blake.

The Presbyterian church will give a social this evening at the home of the Misses Chapin, corner of Indiana and Poplar streets, from 7:30 till 10 o'clock.

Drover's Journal: Captain Moreland Sellers an old and respected citizen of Crawfordville, Ind., who lived alone, was found dead in his bed, having been suffocated by natural gas.

Ernest Stoner has returned from North Salem where he has just completed the purchase of a stock of groceries. He will move his household goods to that place as soon as possible.

At 8 o'clock this evening at the residence of Prof. Ogg, 614 S. Locust street, a reception to students and other strangers will be given by the adult classes of College Avenue Sunday school. A good time is anticipated and all most cordially urged to be present.

The Home Columbian club met last evening with Miss Ridpath. The literary program was limited to a paper on "A Group of American Scientists" which was discussed by the members of club after being read. Appropriate action was taken in regard to the death of Elder Morris, his son, Clifford, being a member of the club.

The Century club has received an official inquiry from the commissioner of the government Department of Labor at Washington, concerning the club's relation to social economies. The information is for club statistics soon to be published in bulletin form by Commissioner Wright, with a view to showing the growth and status of this new economic force.

The Terre Haute Tribune states that a passenger on the Big Four's wet bound midnight train on Saturday

night was robbed of \$126 while at this point.

Rev. Machlan is at home from conference at Indianapolis.

Robt. M. Black of Illinois, is here for a short visit with relatives.

A. Brockway has gone to Chicago and Ottawa, Ill., on business.

Miss Della Phillips, of Coatesville, is visiting friends in the city today.

Miss Elita Dodson, of Indianapolis, is trimming in Roth's millinery department.

Herman Winter has returned from Greenfield and will open up his old business.

Wm. W. Penfield returned to New York City last evening after visiting Miss E. Jean Nelson.

Mrs. Melvain, of Muncie, who has been visiting her brother, Alvah Bradshaw, has returned to her home.

Fred Jacobs and William Gibson have gone to Carlisle to build a house for Dr. Bence on his Sullivan county farm.

Rev. and Mrs. E. A. Hester are at home from Indianapolis where Rev. Hester has been attending conference.

Rev. J. B. DeMotte has gone to Chicago where he will make his home during the winter with his daughter, Mrs. Potts.

J. Kirk Wright and E. C. Hill, of the Vernon Insurance company of Indianapolis are attending circuit court today.

John W. Earp has purchased the McGrew property on north Jackson street and will make it his residence in the near future.

Samuel Leverton, the guest of George Cooper, who has been ill for some time at Mr. Cooper's house, is reported to be convalescent.

The Marquette club entertained at a dance on Tuesday evening in honor of Miss Perle Hillis, Miss Miles, Miss Dodson and Miss Hamrick.

Mrs. John M. Dwyer returned to her home in Lowell this afternoon; she was accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. Roy Abrams, who will make her a visit.

Greencastle is entertaining a vast number of visitors today, most of them coming from Danville, North Salem and other cities near by. Over a hundred were entertained at the hotels for dinner today.

Economy and strength are combined in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Every bottle contains 100 doses and will average to last a month.

Grand Opening of fall and winter millinery, Friday Oct. 1, from 1 till 10 p. m. Mrs. E. S. Kellar & Co. 296td

## The Game Law.

For the benefit of those not conversant with the game law of Indiana, it would be well for them to remember that the season opens November 15 and closes December 31. Under a law enacted by the General Assembly of Indiana at the last session of that body it is unlawful for any person to pursue or kill within the state any quail, ruffed grouse or pinnated grouse for purposes of sale, barter or traffic or removal from the state or to sell, barter, keep, offer for sale or remove from the state any of the species of game mentioned, the penalty being a fine of \$1 for every bird so unlawfully killed, sold, bartered, etc. This law will prevent the ravages of the pot-hunters who have made a practice for years of killing the birds for market, and will have a tendency to increase the game from year to year. The farmer boy who has been in the habit of making a handsome sum each year from the sale of birds killed on his own or his neighbors farm will also be deprived of this source of revenue, as he is debarred under the law from selling the game.

Come to our opening Friday, Oct. 1 from 1 till 10 p. m. Mrs. E. S. Kellar & Co. 296td

## Marriage Licenses.

Charles Frazier and Mary Belle Brown.

George D. Ippenlatz and Zelma Job.

## South Greencastle.

Mrs. Albert Browning, of Carbon visited friends here Monday and returned home Tuesday morning.

Steven Vancleave, Jr., is moving from Hanna street to this part of town.

Frank Grismer is driving J. Sudranski's delivery wagon.

Mr. and Mrs. Julius Sudranski returned Tues. last evening from Indianapolis where they have been attending the celebration of the Hebrew New Year.

William Feld is opening a blacksmith shop in the room formerly occupied by Wm. Jones.

Vandalia train No. 4 killed and maimed six cows near Reelsville this morning.

## TREE ABSORBS A BRAIN.

Singular Freak of Nature Discovered in California.

There is a tree over on Bay Farm Island that little addition to Alameda, into which a man has grown, says the San Francisco Call. The tree apparently has absorbed the brain of a man into its sap veins, and the man who made the discovery now regards the tree with a superstitious awe, as if it were partly human. The tree is an ordinary fir tree that has been growing for at least half a century. Some time ago Frank Silva, who lives upon the island, was digging at the foot of the tree, completing a trench which ran just at the base of the fir. As he was working away among the roots that impeded his work he turned up some human bones. The unearthing of a skeleton is always interesting and Mr. Silva directed his search for the rest of the bones. These he located after a little work, and he found a complete skeleton. The bones had been buried for a long while, for they were denuded of every vestige of flesh and were bleached and white. From the position in which the bones were found it was very evident that the body had been tumbled into the grave without much ceremony, for it was found face down and in a crouching position, as if the body had been hurriedly thrown into its last resting place. Upon the exposure to the air the bones fell one from another, though they did not crumble into dust. They were all carefully removed from the hole save the skull, and Mr. Silva made an effort to remove that. But he found it impossible to bring it from the position in which it lay, because one of the roots of the fir tree, at the base of which it lay, had grown entirely through the skull. It was found necessary to chop the root away entirely before the skull could be removed. The root had penetrated a crack in the skull and had forced its way through the head and out at the opposite side. When it dawned upon Frank Silva that the tree had grown through the skull and had actually absorbed the brain of a man into its wooden trunk he regarded the tree with awe. He has since refused to allow the tree to be cut in any way. Deputy Coroner Smiley of Alameda took charge of the remains, though no inquest was ever held.

"The skeleton was undoubtedly that of an Indian," said Mr. Smiley. "The bones were found on the south shore of the island, about fifteen feet from the bank, beneath a fir tree that has been a landmark on the island before the first settler planted his asparagus bed. The skeleton was in a crouching position and covered by the roots of the tree, while clear through the skull a root almost as thick as my arm had grown. It was necessary to use a hatchet to remove the skull. It is my opinion that the fir tree has been growing on the island nearly half a century. The bones had probably rested beneath the tree forty years. It may be that one of the Indians who were the original inhabitants of the island was murdered and buried near the young tree. I cannot understand how the root could have penetrated and grown through the skull unless there was a hole in it. The skull was a perfect specimen when I secured it, except that it had been perforated by the root. I am not sufficient of a scientist to express any opinion as to how much of the man, if any, grew into that tree through the root. You have got to ask some of these scientific fellows about that, but it is certain that the tree must have obtained some nutriment from the brain of that man. It may have changed its form in the tree, but I think that the brain was absorbed by the root."

## A Tyro's Contship.

In the Tyrol, the first time a young man pays a visit as avowed lover, he takes with him a bottle of wine, and, pouring out a glass, presents it to the object of his affections. If she accepts it, the whole affair is settled, and his proposal of marriage (unspoken) has been accepted. Sometimes she is not quite prepared to surrender at once, and then she will make excuses as to wine disagreeing with her, or that her priest had forbidden her to take any, or in fact any subterfuge that occurs to her at the moment. The purport of the excuses is that the proposal made by the offer of the wine is premature. Not a word need be spoken, as the act of "bringing the wine," as it is called, is synonymous with the act of proposing, and the custom dates back to the ninth century. If any of the wine is spilled it is considered an unlucky omen, and there is a saying, for an unhappy marriage: "They have spilled the wine between them."

## Ad. Sandwiches.

Wright's Celery Tea cures constipation, sick headaches, 25c at all druggists.

For Sale—Two Jersey cows and Jersey heifer. John Cawley. 288t12

The largest and best stock of millinery in city of Greencastle can be found at our store, Mrs. E. S. Kellar & Co. 296td

I am prepared to furnish hard and soft coal at bottom prices. Office at carriage room. John Cawley. 288t12

Strayed or Stolen—From the farm of Wm. Tennant, four miles east of town, one bay mare four years old, 15 hands high, star on forehead. I will pay for the return of mare or any information to find her. 295t6 JOHN CAWLEY.

Remember you will find all the latest things in fall and winter millinery at our store. Opening Friday, Oct. 1 from 1 till 10 p. m. Mrs. E. S. Kellar & Co. 296td



A gentleman, whose business is a constant strain upon his nerves, relates that one night recently he was unable to sleep. On previous occasions he had observed a benefit arising from the use of Ripans Tablets. On this particular occasion, believing that heroic measures were necessary, he took three. The result was really surprising. The effect was as quieting as though the medicine had contained a narcotic, which every one knows it does not. There was an immediate feeling of ease, rest and quiet, extending in a few minutes over the entire system, and sleep came as naturally as to a child.

## Notice to Students. VAPOR BATH

We desire to call the attention of the students to the recent changes made at the

## Palace Restaurant

We have fitted up the second floor of the restaurant especially for the students. Have removed all the stationary partitions in the above room, making a room 100 feet in length; separated curtains into an ice cream parlor, dining hall, and toilet room. This place has been newly papered, newly carpeted and newly furnished. This hall has an elevator connection.

All of these new improvements amply prepare us to serve all kinds of banquets.

Now we propose to serve regular meals in the dining hall to all those who have meal tickets. We propose to give the best board for the least money of any place in town.

We earnestly solicit the patronage of all.

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